

BATMAN
No. 41

JUNE...JULY
TEN CENTS



BATMAN

A 52 PAGE
MAGAZINE

Featuring
**"BATMAN,
Interplanetary
Policeman"**



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they're great!"



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BAT MAN

WITH
ROBIN

- THE BOY WONDER -

BIRD STORE
BIRDS OF PREY
FOR SALE CHEAP!
BATMAN & ROBIN, PROPRS.



WHEN CROOKS GIVE THINGS AWAY, WATCH OUT! SOMETHING IS COOKING—AND IT'S SOMEBODY'S GOOSE! AND ESPECIALLY WHEN THAT DROLL LITTLE CROOK WITH THE TRICK UMBRELLAS, **THE PENGUIN** DISTRIBUTES "GIFTS" WITH SINISTER STRINGS ATTACHED... STRINGS THAT LEAD **BATMAN** AND **ROBIN** ALONG A LURID TRAIL OF SINISTER CRIMES, AS THEY FIGHT TO CLIP THE WINGS OF **THE BIRD CAGE BANDITS!**

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BIRDS COME HOME TO ROOST, THEY SAY... BUT HERE'S A HUMAN BIRD OF PREY LEAVING HOME!

NOW THAT YOU'RE FREE AGAIN, WILL YOU GO BACK TO ROOKING PEOPLE, PENGUIN?

I'M THROUGH WITH CRIME! SINCE MY HOBBY IS BIRDS, MY FRIEND, MR. BUZZARD, AND I WILL OPEN A BIRD STORE!



THE PENGUIN REFORMED? YES, IT LOOKS AS IF THE UMBRELLA CROOK IS REALLY GOING STRAIGHT!

PLEASE PRINT THAT TO ADVERTISE OUR OPENING WE ARE GIVING AWAY SPECIAL BIRDS TO NOTABLE PEOPLE.



TO ROBERT HAWK, THE PLANE MANUFACTURER, WE GAVE A HAWK; TO WALLACE NORTON, THE FAMOUS FISHERMAN, A KINGFISHER...



BRUCE WAYNE AND DICK GRAYSON—ALIAS BATMAN AND ROBIN—ARE SKEPTICAL...

SO THE PENGUIN IS GIVING AWAY BIRDS? I'LL BET THERE'S A CATCH TO IT!

BATMAN AND ROBIN HAD BETTER CHECK ON THOSE GIFTS!



SOON, THE BATPLANE SWOOPS LOW OVER THE GREAT AIRPLANE FACTORY...

LOOK, AN EXPLOSION!

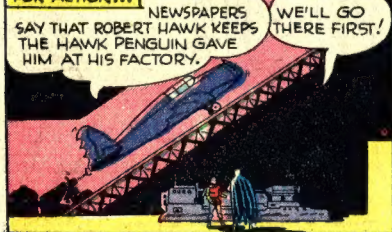
WE'LL LAND—AND SEE WHAT IT IS!

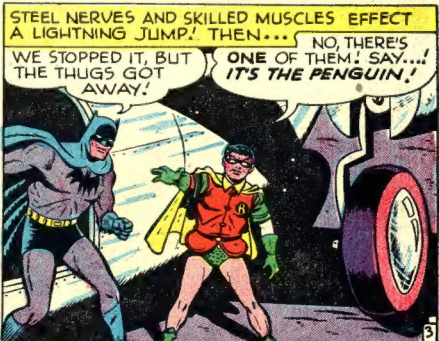
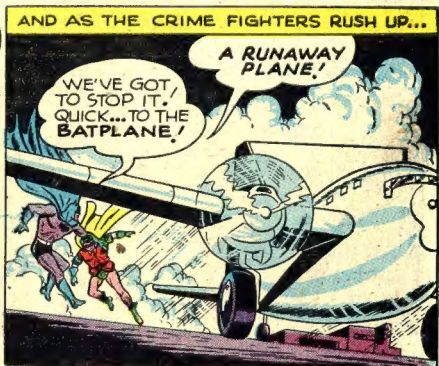
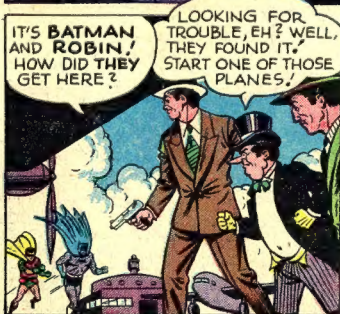
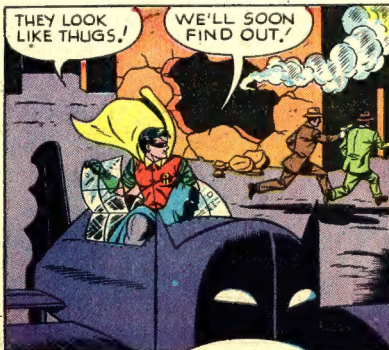


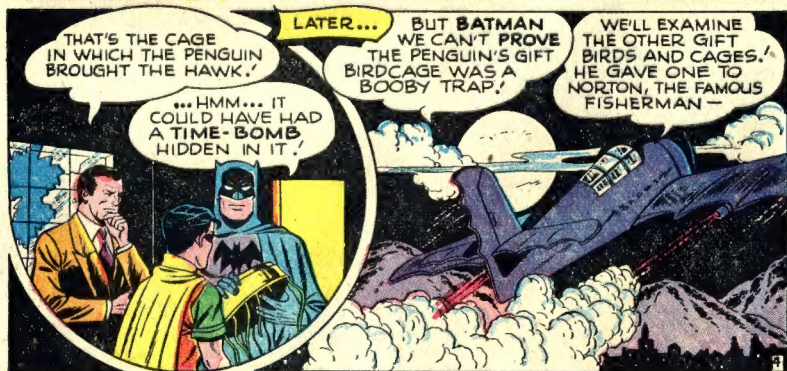
LATER, IN THEIR UNDERGROUND HANGAR, THE DYNAMIC DUO READIES THE BATPLANE FOR ACTION...

NEWSPAPERS SAY THAT ROBERT HAWK KEEPS THE HAWK PENGUIN GAVE HIM AT HIS FACTORY.

WE'LL GO THERE FIRST!



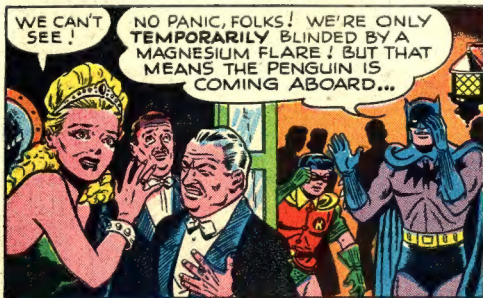






BUT BATMAN'S SWIFT ACTION COMES TOO LATE! THERE'S A LOUD ROAR... A DAZZLING GLARE...





THE SWITCH IS PRESSED AND PITCH DARKNESS ENFOLDS THE ROOM!

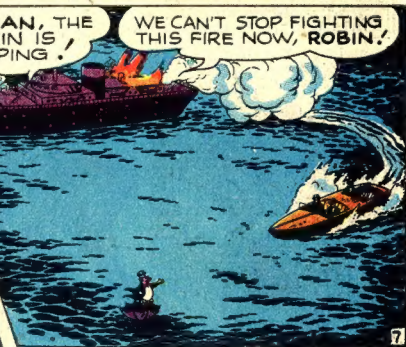
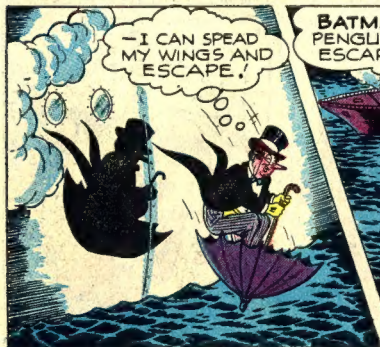
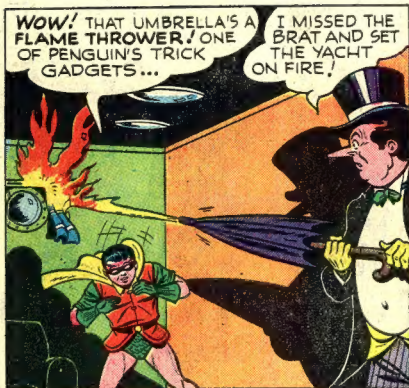
NOW WE'RE ON EQUAL TERMS! GRAB THEM, ROBIN!

EGAD, I WASN'T COUNTING ON THIS!

IF YOU HAVE GEMS IN YOUR HANDS, YOU'RE BANDITS, AND YOU AREN'T CARRYING HAY!

OUCH!







LATER, AFTER THE FIRE IS OUT...



WE HAVE PROOF NOW THAT THE PENGUIN IS STAGING THOSE BIRD CAGE ROBBERIES!

AND WE'LL HAVE TO MOVE FAST TO KEEP HIM FROM PULLING MORE!

PENGUIN'S PARTNER, MR. BUZZARD, CAN TELL US, BUT WILL HE?

I'LL SEE TO THAT!



SWIFTLY, BATMAN'S HAND MOVES TO A BIRD CAGE, FLIPS OPEN A LATCH, AND...

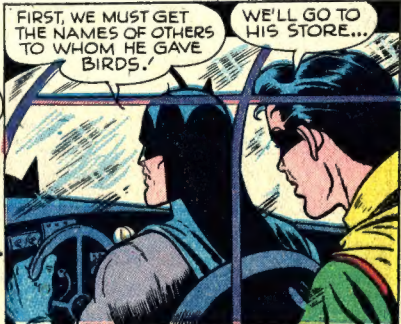
NICE WORK, BATMAN!

I CAN'T SEE!



FIRST, WE MUST GET THE NAMES OF OTHERS TO WHOM HE GAVE BIRDS!

WE'LL GO TO HIS STORE...



INSIDE THE BIRD STORE...

OH, OH - WE STEPPED INTO AN AMBUSH!

I SAW YOUR PLANE! YOU'RE NOT TAKING ME TO JAIL!



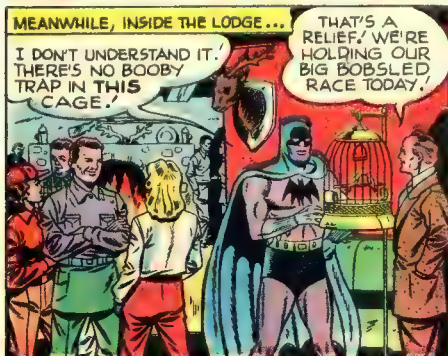
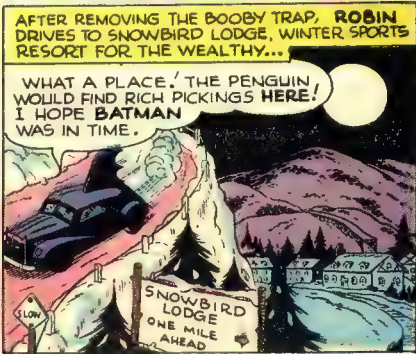
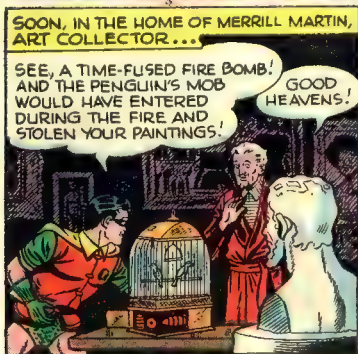
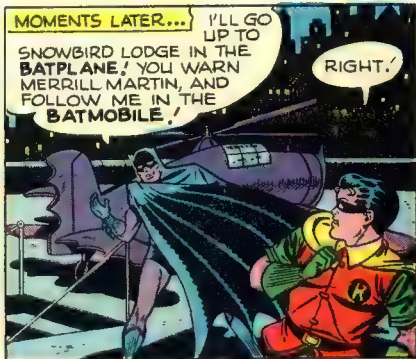
NO! I WON'T TELL YOU!

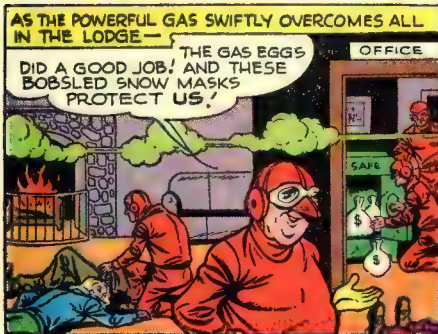
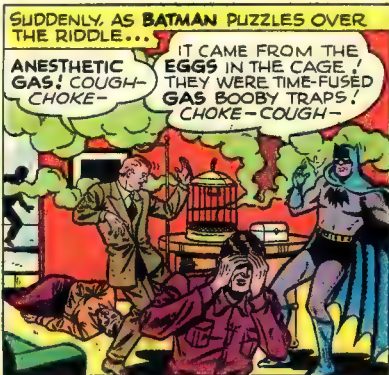
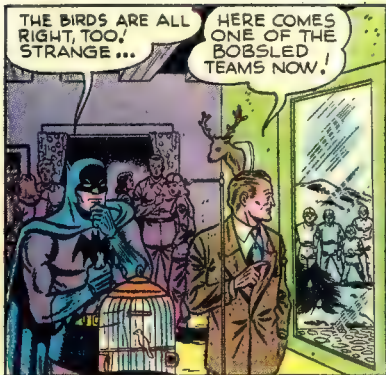
NO? THEN INTO THIS CAGE YOU GO - WITH OTHER BUZZARDS!

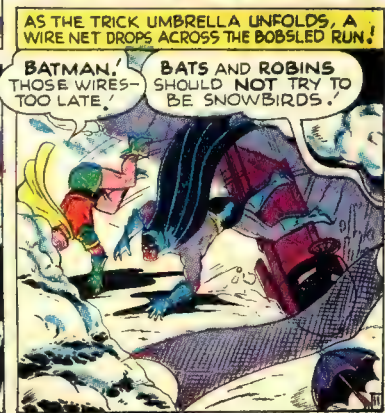
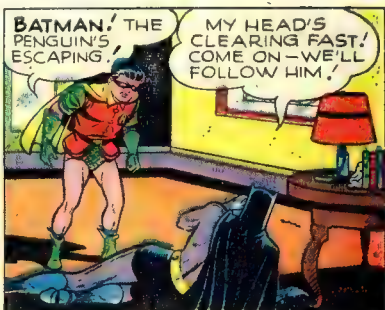
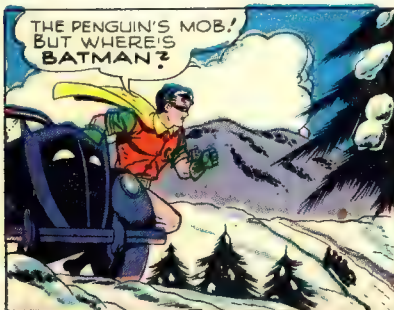
BUZZARDS

I'M JUST BLUFFING - BUT I MAY SCARE HIM INTO GIVING US THOSE NAMES.











MOMENTS LATER... THEY GOT AWAY IN THEIR CAR!

COME ON BACK TO THE LODGE. I'VE GOT AN IDEA...

THIS OTHER SNOWBIRD IS THE MATE TO THE ONE THE PENGUIN TOOK WITH HIM! AND A BIRD WILL ALWAYS FLY TO HIS MATE!

AND WE'LL FOLLOW HIM IN THE BATPLANE!

LOOK! MY OTHER LITTLE FRIEND HAS FOLLOWED ITS MATE!

AND BATMAN HAS FOLLOWED IT! THERE'S THE BATPLANE!

THERE'S THE PENGUIN! BUT HOW CAN WE STOP HIS CAR?

THE BATPLANE'S JETS WILL CUT INTO THIS SNOW-BANK AND START AN AVALANCHE...

— THAT WILL STOP THEM COLD! AND I MEAN COLD!

ARK! CHOKE!

WHEN AN ANGRY PENGUIN IS DUG OUT OF THE SNOW —

IT'S NICE WE COULD USE A BIRD TO STOP THIS BIRD-LOVER'S CRIMES!

DRAT!

THE END



"I TAKE A TIP FROM A LOT OF OTHER BALL PLAYERS," SAYS JERRY WITTE. "I GET MY BREAKFAST STARTED WITH MILK, FRUIT, AND WHEATIES. -'BREAK-FAST OF CHAMPIONS.' THOSE WHOLE WHEAT FLAKES, WHEATIES, TASTE MIGHTY GOOD. THEY COME THROUGH IN THE NOURISHMENT DEPARTMENT, TOO"



WITTE TOPPED ASSOCIATION SLUGGERS WITH 46 HOMERS—SECOND BEST RECORD FOR RIGHT-HANDED BATTERS IN THE LOOP'S HISTORY. HE DROVE IN 120 RUNS

A MEMBER OF THE TOLEDO MUD HENS' ROOKIE CROP, WITTE CRACKED OUT THREE CONSECUTIVE HOME RUNS (AGAINST THREE DIFFERENT PITCHERS) IN THE ASSOCIATION'S 1946 ALL-STAR GAME



JERRY WITTE

1946 WINNER OF THE AMERICAN ASSOCIATION'S "MOST VALUABLE PLAYER" AWARD... NOW WITH THE ST. LOUIS BROWNS



"BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS"

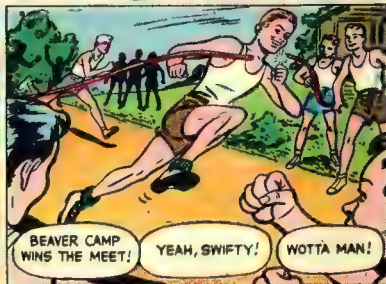
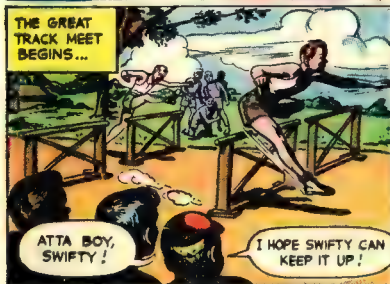
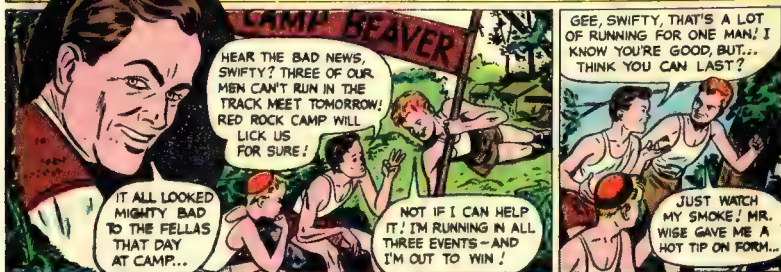
WHEATIES

WITH MILK AND FRUIT

"Wheaties" and "Breakfast of Champions" are registered trade marks of General Mills, Inc.

SWIFTY SEAVER WINS FOR BEAVER

ANOTHER JIM WISE REAL-LIFE SPORTS STORY



WHAT MR. WISE SAID ABOUT "P-F"

HERE'S WHY "P-F" GIVES YOU MORE STAYING POWER:

1. THIS RIGID WEDGE KEEPS THE BONES OF THE FOOT IN THEIR NATURAL, NORMAL POSITION.
2. THIS SPONGE RUBBER CUSHION ASSURES COMFORT FOR THE SENSITIVE AREA OF THE FOOT.



"P-F"
 MEANS POSTURE FOUNDATION...A PATENTED FEATURE FOUND ONLY IN CANVAS SHOES
 MADE BY
B.F. Goodrich and HOOD RUBBER CO.





BATMAN



BATMAN

WITH
ROBIN

IT'S A SMALL WORLD, DECLARES AN OLD SAYING. AND IT'S AN EVEN SMALLER WORLD THAN USUAL IN ONE CORNER OF MODERN AMERICA, WHERE THE ELVES AND LEPRECHAUNS AND LITTLE PEOPLE OF LEGEND STILL SEEM TO DWELL.

HOWEVER, THESE LITTLE PEOPLE ARE NOT LEGEND—THEY'RE REAL FACT! AND WHEN CRAFTY MOBSTERS TRY TO EXPLOIT THAT FACT FOR CRIME, BATMAN AND ROBIN AND THEIR TINY ALLIES SEEK TO TURN THE TABLES ON...

"THE BANDITS OF TINY TOWN!"





LET'S LOOK IN ON A STRANGE AND LITTLE-KNOWN AMERICAN TOWN...



IT DOESN'T LOOK STRANGE AT FIRST GLANCE, DOES IT? YET, IT'S THE ODDEST TOWN IN THE WORLD!

ANY TROUBLE, CHIEF?

NO, MAYOR HAWKINS. THERE'S NO CRIME IN OUR TOWN.



SUDDENLY...

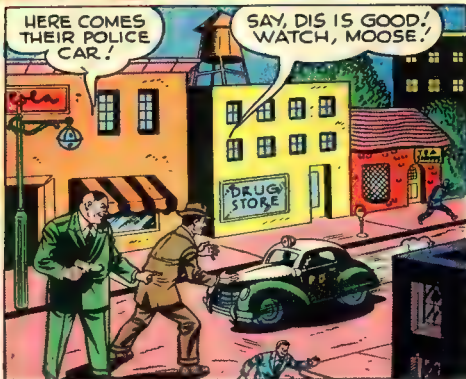
BANDITS FROM OUTSIDE! THEY'RE RAIDING OUR TOWN!

CALL OUT EVERY MAN ON THE FORCE!



HERE COMES THEIR POLICE CAR!

SAY, DIS IS GOOD! WATCH, MOOSE!



IT'S LIKE PLAYING WIT' DOLL'S!

THIS LITTLE JEWELRY FACTORY IS A PUSH-OVER!



WE CAN'T FIGHT BIG FOLK! RUN, EVERYBODY!

LISTEN TO ME, OR WE'LL KICK YOUR WHOLE TOWN OVER!



THESE "GIANT" HOODLUMS SEEM LIKE A NIGHTMARE, DON'T THEY? BUT THERE'S A LOGICAL EXPLANATION —



FOR THIS TOWN IS ONLY ONE-FOURTH OF NORMAL SIZE, AND ITS PEOPLE ARE ALL MIDGETS! RETIRED FROM CIRCUS AND THEATER JOBS, THESE LITTLE FOLK Banded TOGETHER AND BUILT MIDGET CITY TO THEIR OWN SCALE! AND HERE THEY'VE PROSPERED, MAKING FINE JEWELRY, A WORK IN WHICH TINY HANDS ARE AN ADVANTAGE. BUT NOW "MOOSE" MILLER'S THUGS TAKE OVER...

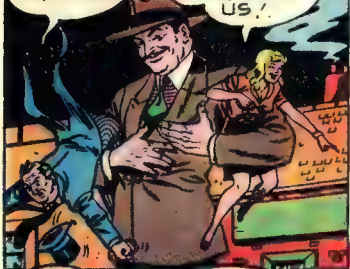
I CLEANED OUT DA JEWELRY FACTORY, MOOSE!

AND HERE'S THE MAYOR AND HIS DAUGHTER!



THEY CAN'T DO THIS TO ME, CAROL!

HERE COMES JOHNNY WISTER! HE'LL SAVE US!



JOHNNY WISTER MAY BE ONLY TWO FEET HIGH, BUT NO BRAVER KNIGHT EVER DASHED TO HIS LADY'S DEFENSE!

I'M COMING, CAROL!

JOHNNY, LOOK OUT BEHIND YOU!



DIS'LL KEEP YOU OUT OF TROUBLE, PINT-SIZE!

LISTEN, YOU MIDGETS! WE'RE TAKING OVER YOUR TOWN!

THE GOTHAM CITY COPS WILL NEVER THINK OF LOOKING FOR US HERE. YOUR TOWN HALL IS BIG ENOUGH FOR US TO LIVE IN! AND YOU'LL ALL DO AS WE SAY, OR WE'LL FIX YOUR MAYOR AND HIS DAUGHTER!

IF WE DON'T OBEY THEM, THEY'LL KILL THE MAYOR AND CAROL!



THEN BEGINS A WAVE OF MYSTERIOUS BANDIT RAIDS IN GOTHAM CITY...



—THAT SOON DRAWS TWO FAMILIAR FIGURES INTO THEIR ODDEST ADVENTURE!

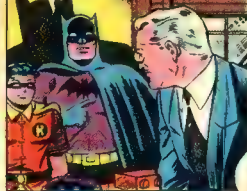
LOOK, ROBIN, THE BAT SIGNAL. COMMISSIONER GORDON WANTS US. LET'S GO!



AT COMMISSIONER GORDON'S OFFICE...

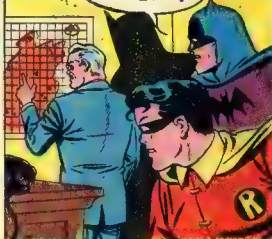
THOSE BANDITS ARE TERRORIZING THE WHOLE UPSTATE AREA! WE CAN'T FIND THEIR HIDEOUT!

THEN WE'LL HAVE TO CATCH THEM IN THE ACT AND FOLLOW THEM! WHEN IS THE NEXT BIG MONEY SHIPMENT?



A BIG FACTORY PAYROLL LEAVES CENTRAL CITY BY AIR-EXPRESS TONIGHT!

THEN WE'LL BE THERE TO SEE IT OFF!



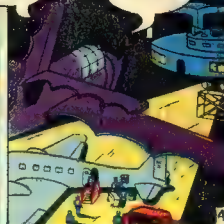
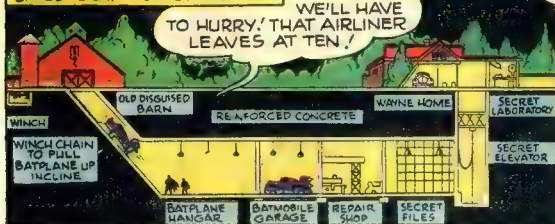
SHORTLY, OVER CENTRAL CITY AIRPORT...

THEY'VE PUT THE MONEY ABOARD, BATMAN, BUT NO BANDITS YET!

MAYBE THE CROOKS ARE GOING TO TRY SOMETHING NEW!

THAT NIGHT, AT THE HIDDEN BATCAVE, A BLACK, GRIM-LINED CRAFT IS RUN OUT...

WE'LL HAVE TO HURRY! THAT AIRLINER LEAVES AT TEN!





A GOOD GUESS, BATMAN! MOOSE MILLER'S BAND AS TRYING A BRAND-NEW STRATAGEM IN CRIME TONIGHT!

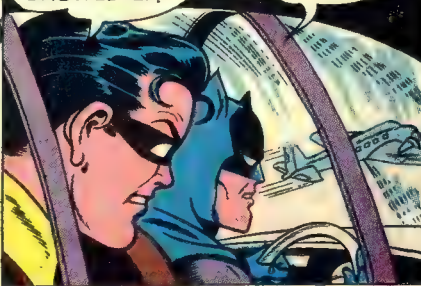
QUICK, I WANT TO SHIP THIS BOX ON THAT AIRLINER!

YOU JUST MADE IT, MISTER!



THERE GOES THE AIRLINER AND THE BANDITS NEVER SHOWED UP!

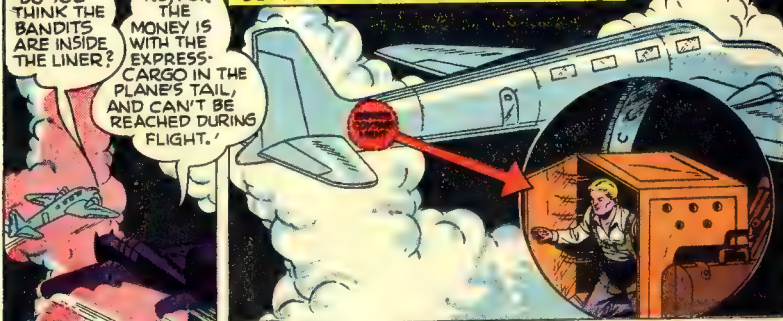
I'M NOT SO SURE! LET'S FOLLOW THAT LINER!



DO YOU THINK THE BANDITS ARE INSIDE THE LINER?

NO, FOR THE MONEY IS WITH THE EXPRESS-CARGO IN THE PLANE'S TAIL, AND CAN'T BE REACHED DURING FLIGHT.

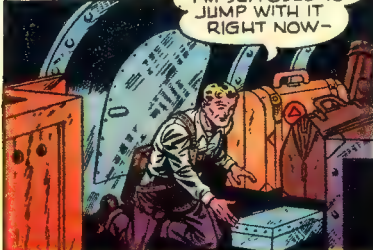
BUT INSIDE THE EXPRESS COMPARTMENT...



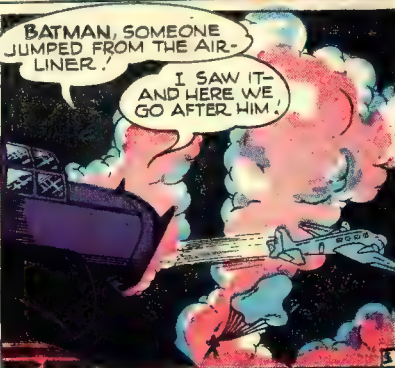
HERE'S THE MONEY, ALL RIGHT! AND I'M SUPPOSED TO JUMP WITH IT RIGHT NOW—

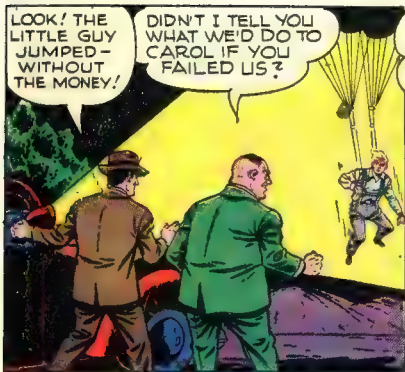
BATMAN, SOMEONE JUMPED FROM THE AIR-LINER!

I SAW IT—AND HERE WE GO AFTER HIM!



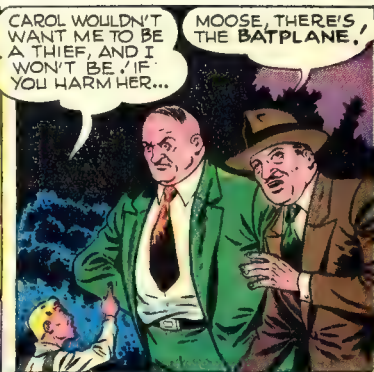
WILL GALLANT LITTLE JOHNNY WISTER BE A PARTNER TO THIS CRIME?





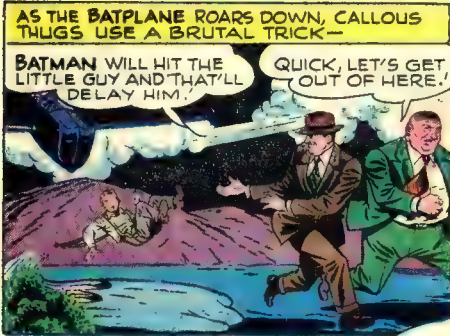
LOOK! THE LITTLE GUY JUMPED—WITHOUT THE MONEY!

DIDN'T I TELL YOU WHAT WE'D DO TO CAROL IF YOU FAILED US?



CAROL WOULDN'T WANT ME TO BE A THIEF, AND I WON'T BE IF YOU HARM HER...

MOOSE, THERE'S THE BATPLANE!



AS THE BATPLANE ROARS DOWN, CALLOUS THUGS USE A BRUTAL TRICK—

BATMAN WILL HIT THE LITTLE GUY AND THAT'LL DELAY HIM.

QUICK, LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!



THEY'RE GETTING AWAY IN THEIR CAR, BATMAN!

I COULDN'T HIT THAT LITTLE FELLOW ON THE GROUND.



QUICKLY RETURNING AND LANDING...

ONE OF THE EXPRESS THIEVES! AND HE'S A MIDGET!

I'M NO THIEF, BUT MAYBE I SHOULD HAVE OBEYED THEM—THEY'LL TAKE IT OUT ON CAROL!



TELL US ABOUT IT! IF YOU'RE NOT ONE OF THEM, MAYBE WE CAN HELP YOU!

SAY, YOU'RE BATMAN!



QUICKLY JOHNNY WISTER'S STORY IS TOLD...

THE BANDITS ARE HIDING IN OUR TOWN! THEY'RE PLANNING A BIG NEW ROBBERY.

WE'RE GOING TO MIDGET CITY! AND WE'LL KEEP THEM FROM HARMING YOUR CAROL!

LATER, AS THE THUGS RETURN TO THE TINY TOWN...

BATMAN GOT HERE AHEAD OF US IN THE BATPLANE!

BATS ARE ALWAYS FASTER THAN RATS.

HERE'S ONE ON THE HOUSE!

THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO STOP THAT PAIR!

STOP IT, OR I'LL TOSS THIS LITTLE DAME ON HER HEAD!

WE CAN'T LET HER BE HARMED! HOLD ON, ROBIN!

WHAT'LL WE DO WIT' 'EM, MOOSE?

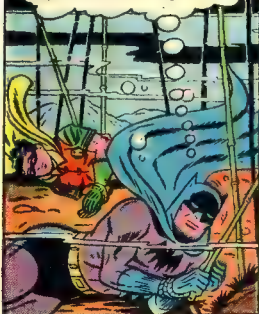
PUT WEIGHTS ON 'EM AND DROP 'EM INTO THAT MIDGET RIVER!

SO LONG, SAPS!

NOW WE'LL PULL THAT LAST BIG JOB WE PLANNED.



THESE HOLLOW REEDS ARE OUR ONLY CHANCE! IF ROBIN UNDERSTANDS AND IMITATES ME—



A DESPERATE STRATAGEM SUCCEEDS! USING THEIR LAST BREATHS TO BLOW THE WATER OUT OF THE REEDS...

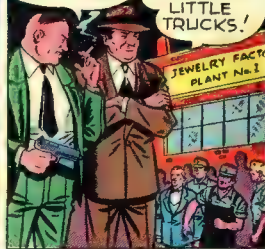
AT LEAST WE CAN BREATHE! BUT WE CAN'T HOLD OUT FOR LONG—



WHILE NOT FAR AWAY...

YOUR TRUCKS GO TO THE GOTHAM CITY GOLD REFINERY, FOR GOLD FOR YOUR JEWELRY FACTORY, TODAY WE'RE GOING WITH YOU!

YEAH, TWO OF US ARE RIDING INSIDE DEM LITTLE TRUCKS!



LATER, AT THE GOTHAM CITY GOLD REFINERY—

HERE COME THOSE MIDGETS FOR MORE GOLD FOR THEIR JEWELRY PLANT!

LET THEM IN!



GET BACK THERE!

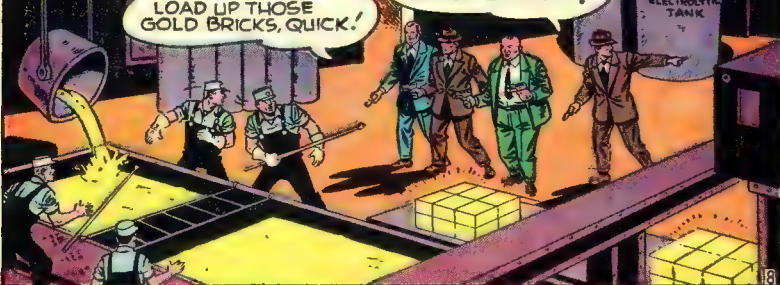
HERE COME MOOSE AND THE BOYS!



ONCE INSIDE THE REFINERY...

LOAD UP THOSE GOLD BRICKS, QUICK!

HERE COME SOME MORE GUARDS!



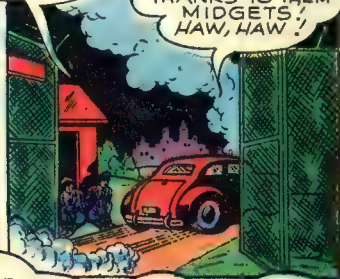


THIS ACID WILL BURN UP THEIR ENTHUSIASM FOR A FIGHT WITH US!

ELECTROLYTIC TANK

NOW WE'LL GO TO OUR GOTHAM CITY HIDEOUT AND SPLIT DIS LOOT!

YEAH, A NICE HAUL— THANKS TO THEM MIDGETS! HAW, HAW!



MEANWHILE, AT MIDGET CITY...

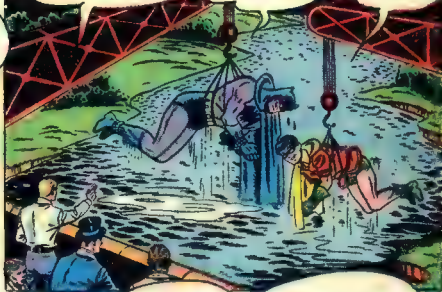
WE'LL HAVE TO RECOVER THEIR BODIES AND— SAY, LOOK AT THOSE TWO REEDS— THEY'RE MOVING!

QUICK, BRING CRANES AND POWER WINCHES!

THEY'RE STILL ALIVE! THEY BREATHED THROUGH THE REEDS!

ROBIN, ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

YES! BUT IT WAS A CLOSE CALL!



THE BANDITS WERE GOING TO ROB THE THE GOLD REFINERY! THEY CUT ALL WIRES SO WE COULDN'T WARN— SAY, LISTEN TO THAT RADIO FLASH!

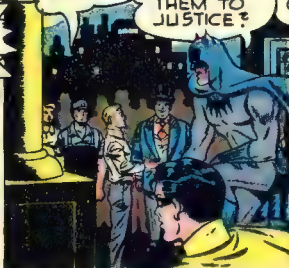
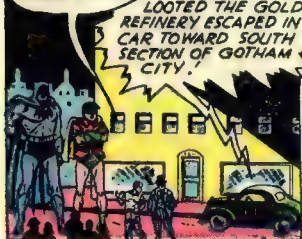
THEY EXPLOITED OUR SMALL SIZE TO COMMIT THOSE CRIMES!

THEN WHY DON'T YOU USE YOUR SMALL SIZE TO BRING THEM TO JUSTICE?

ORDINARY-SIZED MEN CAN'T FIND THOSE THUGS IN THE MAZE OF GOTHAM CITY! BUT YOU COULD!

— BANDITS WHO LOOTED THE GOLD REFINERY ESCAPED IN CAR TOWARD SOUTH SECTION OF GOTHAM CITY!

TELL US HOW, BATMAN! WE'LL DO IT!



LATER, THE STRANGEST ARMY OF MAN-HUNTERS IN HISTORY ARRIVES IN GOTHAM CITY!

THE THUGS DISAPPEARED IN THIS SECTION! IF YOU CAN FIND THEM, ROBIN AND I WILL CORRAL THEM!

COME ON, MEN—YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO!



YOU TAKE THAT CHIMNEY! BE SURE TO LOOK INTO EVERY ROOM!



POLICE IN THE DUMBWAITER! AM I GOING CRAZY?

NO THUGS IN HERE! NEXT FLOOR!



AN AMAZING INVASION OF THE METROPOLIS BEGINS!

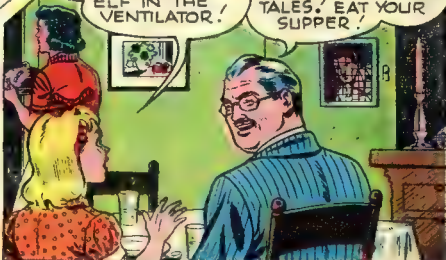
WE'LL SEARCH THE BUILDINGS ON THIS SIDE OF THE STREET FIRST!



UNSUSPECTING CITIZENS BEGIN TO THINK THEIR HOUSES ARE HAUNTED!

EEK! THERE'S AN ELF IN THE VENTILATOR!

YOU'VE BEEN READING TOO MANY FAIRY TALES! EAT YOUR SUPPER!

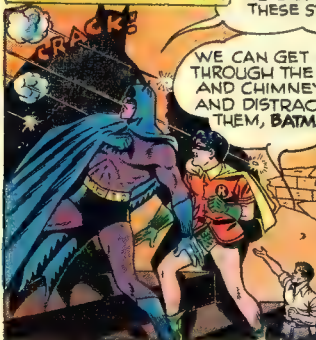
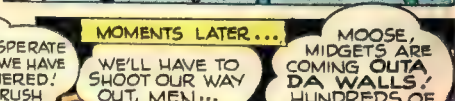
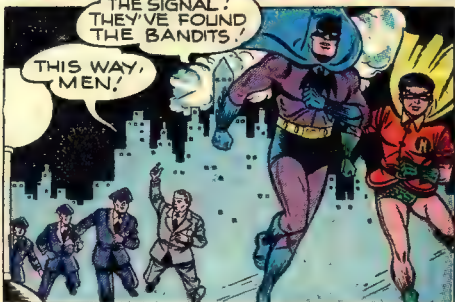
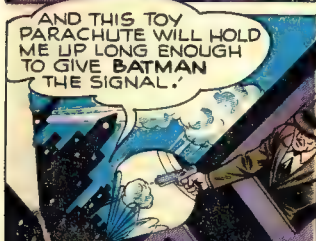


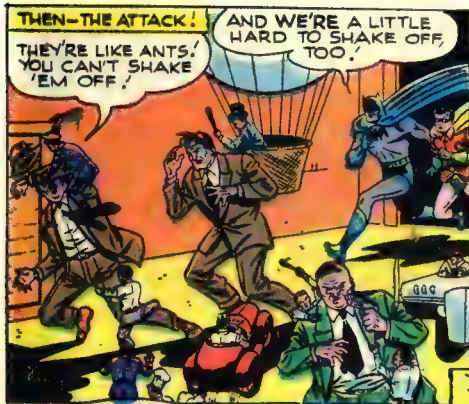
MEANWHILE, IN A NEARBY LOFT, MOOSE MILLER'S GANG DIVIDE THEIR LOOT...

RELAX! THE COPS'LL NEVER THINK OF LOOKING FOR US IN A TOY WAREHOUSE!

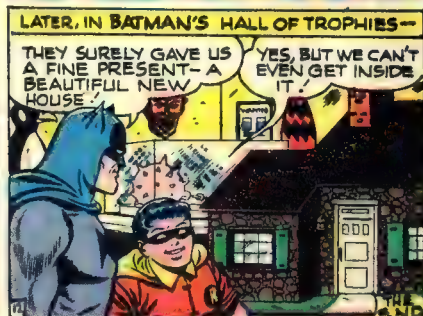
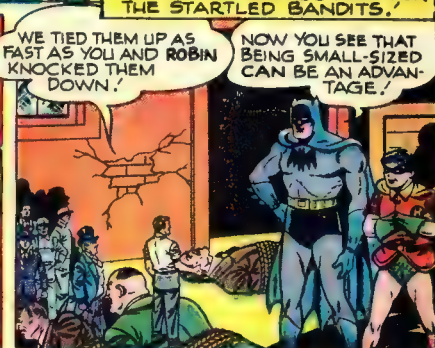
HA, HA! DESE TOYS REMIND ME OF DEM MIDGETS!







YES, THE DYNAMIC DUO AND THEIR
TINY ALLIES ARE TOO MUCH FOR
THE STARTLED BANDITS.



PRIZES!
HOT-IRON
TRANSFERS!

**YES! PICTURES THAT MOM
CAN IRON RIGHT ON YOUR
SHIRT! EVERY KID ON THE
BLOCK WILL ENVY YOU!**

GET THEM
IN *Kellogg's*
SHREDDED WHEAT!
WEAR THEM ON
SHIRTS,
BANDANAS!

MOM JUST
PRESSES THEM ON
WITH A HOT IRON!
SHARP, CLEAR—
MEASURE UP TO
4 1/4 INCHES BY
2 1/2 INCHES

Dogs, Wild Animals—A Whole New Set!

SLICK FOR SHIRTS, jackets, bandanas, and sweatshirts! An exciting animal transfer in your package of *Kellogg's* Shredded Wheat: a roaring Hippopotamus, Boston Terrier, Russian Wolfhound, alert Airedale, walking Camel, or a snazzy Seal!

EASY TO PUT ON! Mom simply presses 'em on your clothing with a hot iron. They come out clean and sharp—can be washed many times. Start wearing them today—swap extras to get the whole set—it's neat fun! Ask Mom to get you *Kellogg's* Shredded Wheat now!

Show this to Mom

MOM!—THIS IS FOR YOU! *Kellogg's* Shredded Wheat is 100% whole wheat—tempting, toast, nourishing, and delicious.

15 generous biscuits made to fit the bowl. Kids love *Kellogg's* Shredded Wheat—and love these transfer prizes, too!

No box tops or money to mail! A picture prize in each package!

Ask Mom for *Kellogg's*
SHREDDED WHEAT, right now!



CASEY

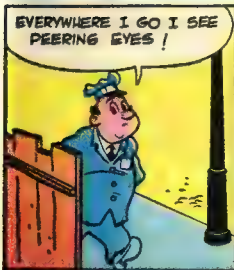
THE COP



I UNDERSTAND 'LEFTY LOOEY' IS IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD -- I'LL HAVE TO BE VERY CAREFUL



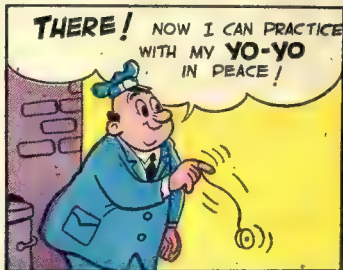
EVERYWHERE I GO I SEE PEERING EYES!



WHAT A SPOT!
NOT A SOUL AROUND!



THERE! NOW I CAN PRACTICE WITH MY YO-YO IN PEACE!



ADVERTISEMENT

Rollfast

Streamlined
BICYCLES
BALL-BEARING
ROLLER SKATES

They're Super!

Ask the kids
who have 'em



TIE SCORE

by Bob Baker

OFFICER Martin O'Clare bought the tie himself and when he brought it home his wife, Mary, raised her hands in horror. "And where did you get that, O'Clare?" she demanded. She sniffed. "That . . . that . . . monstrosity!"

Her spouse frowned, held up the offending tie. "This is a genuine Tintoretto," he said, "and it was given to me by the artist, Angelo Tintoretto, who, as you well know, has a studio on my beat." O'Clare held the creation at arm's length. It looked like an exploded sunburst. "Hand-painted it is, Mary, and I mean to wear it on my days off." He glared at his wife. "Regardless."

"Regardless or no," said Mary O'Clare firmly. "You will *not* wear that tie! You wouldn't want the Faileys laughing at you, would you? And you know how Dennis Failey can laugh."

"He'll not laugh at this tie," O'Clare growled. Sergeant Failey was his friend, and Mrs. Failey was a good friend of O'Clare's wife.

"That tie'll bring you nothing but worry," warned Mary O'Clare, darkly. "Wait and see."

"Hmm," said O'Clare, placing it carefully in a drawer. "I'll be off on my beat."

O'Clare was fond of his artist friend, Angelo Tintoretto. Famous for his window designs, Angelo was somewhat on the eccentric side. For years now he had resisted the encroachment of commerce on his home, a narrow building tucked between the Clarendon National Bank and the store of Wolf the Furrier. He had refused many offers for his property.

Even today, as O'Clare dropped by as usual to pass the time of day, Angelo was in the midst of declining another offer. Angelo's two visitors carried briefcases. While one of the men argued with Angelo, the other inspected the building. O'Clare watched as he walked around tapping the walls.

Angelo grew impatient. "It will do you

no good," he said. "I refuse to sell, Chetni. And I am too busy to argue further."

The man called Chetni nodded. "My partner would like to talk to you . . ."

"Not today, he doesn't," said Angelo. "For I am going to talk now to my good friend, Officer O'Clare." He turned away. "Good-bye, Mr. Parton."

Parton, the man to whom he had been talking, called to Chetni and they left. Angelo called after them: "And don't come back! I'm not selling!"

Outside, the two men smiled at each other.

"It looks easy," said Chetni, "a cinch."

"But the cop?"

"Dumb. Forget him."

Meanwhile, Mrs. O'Clare was thinking the same thing. "Dumb is the word for O'Clare," she muttered to herself. "And it's up to me to protect him from the ridicule of his friends." She went to the bureau drawer, gingerly picked up the flashy necktie, carried it out to the kitchen and dropped it down the dumbwaiter shaft.

The trash collector leaped back, startled, as the blazing neckpiece fell into the garbage can he was about to remove from the dumbwaiter. Then he touched it gingerly. "A new tie," he said, surprised. "Lake will buy this, all right!"

Lake, the pushcart peddler, called himself the haberdashery prince of the sidewalk merchants. Lake specialized in socks and ties and when he saw what the trash collector was offering, he shook his head. "That I will not touch," he said. "It offends my sense of color. Take it away."

"But it's new, and you can have it for almost anything," the trash collector pleaded. "Look, somebody bought it *once*, didn't they? So, you can sell it again."

Struck by the logic of the argument, Lake paused. If there was one sucker who'd buy such a tie, there'd surely be another.

"A quarter," said Lake, "and I'm gypping myself."

"Sold," said the trashman, happily,

"Sold," said Chetni two days later, and handed over the dollar and a half Lake demanded. "Did you ever see such a tie?" he gurgled to Parton. "Look at it. Look at those colors." He sniffed at the tie. "Hand-painted. It's a steal."

"I am glad you mentioned 'steal,'" said Parton, dourly. "Come on, let's pick up the boys and get to work." He looked distastefully at Chetni, who was shedding a less flamboyant tie and donning the sunburst number. "You mean you're going to *wear* that thing?"

"Why not?" Chetni said, unabashed. "It was made to be worn."

It was nearly midnight when Parton and Chetni, after picking up the two men who were going to use acetylene torches to cut through the wall of Angelo's studio, and into Wolf the Furrier's place, stopped their car around the corner from Angelo Tinteretto's home.

Parton looked at his watch. "The cops'll be changing shifts in a few minutes," he said. "You stay around in front of the studio, Chetnik. You know the signal."

Chetnik nodded. "Right."

Angelo Tintoretto blinked sleepily as he opened the door in response to Parton's ring. The sleep left his eyes when he saw the gun; it came back again as Parton slugged him. Parton pushed Angelo back into the hall as the artist's knees went limp. "Okay, boys," he said. "Tie him up and start cutting through that wall. I figure we can do the job in an hour." Carefully, he left the door slightly ajar in case Chetni had to open it and whistle the signal. "This is going to be a soft touch," Parton said to the boys. "All the valuable skins we can handle."

Outside, Chetni fumbled in his pockets for a match, intending to light his cigarette. He paused in the act, as a blue-coated policeman turned the corner. It was Officer Martin O'Clare, making the rounds of his beat.

And Officer O'Clare was in a fighting mood. For O'Clare, just prior to reporting to the station house, had discovered that his new tie was missing. Mrs. O'Clare insisted

she'd sent it to the cleaners. But O'Clare had his suspicions. Being a good police officer he could not, without evidence, give voice to them. But if the tie got "lost"—and he strongly suspected his wife would insist it had, in a few days—he was going to assert himself.

Chetni was lighting his cigarette as O'Clare came abreast of him. "Good evening, officer," Chetni said. O'Clare touched his stick to his cap automatically, mumbled, "Evening, sir."

Then, suddenly, something caught his eye and he stopped. Something familiar. Something bright. He turned quickly. "Where did you get that tie?" he demanded.

The startled Chetni dropped the lighted match. "Why, I—I—bought it in a store," he lied. "Lacy's."

O'Clare's brow furrowed. "You did not," he challenged. "In all the whole world there is but one tie like this." He peered at Chetni. "I've seen you before, someplace, haven't I?"

Although rattled, Chetni managed to regain his composure. He'd have to bluff it out with this dumb and crazy cop. "Sure," he said. "A couple of days ago. I was trying to buy Tinteretto's house. Matter of fact, I just came from there."

"You just came from there?" There was a note of triumph in O'Clare's voice, and Chetni tensed. This was no ordinary cop. This was a madman. The way he was glaring at that tie was proof. Chetni put nervous fingers over the tie.

"So you, just came from Angelo's, did you?" said O'Clare triumphantly, "and he didn't mention that tie, I suppose?" His hand closed around Chetni's arm, and he said softly, "If I'm wrong, I'll apologize. Just the same, you and me are going in to see Angelo. Now."

A policeman of O'Clare's calibre couldn't be surprised twice in one night. Besides, the backs of Parton and his two acetylene torch wielders were turned, giving O'Clare plenty of time to get his gun out. And there was plenty of time, too, to reclaim his tie before the wagon arrived, to take the four crooks away.

Bob Feller

WORLD'S CHAMPION
STRIKE OUT - NO HIT - SPEEDBALL
"CLEVELAND INDIANS" PITCHER

Says

"BOYS and GIRLS
GET ONLY THESE ORIGINAL, GEN-
UINE, PURE, DELICIOUS FROZEN
ON-A-STICK CONFECTIONS"

ALL "POPSICLE" PRODUCTS ARE
MADE BY SELECTED ICE CREAM
MANUFACTURERS IN "APPROVED"
CLEAN SANITARY PLANTS
THROUGHOUT THE WORLD AND
THEY ARE SOLD EVERYWHERE!

Popsicle Pete

will send you—

FREE

**Popsicle Pete
FUN BOOK**

GAMES

SPORTS

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PUZZLES

HOBBIES

COMICS

**ALL THIS FREE
NO BAGS — NO MONEY
SEND ME YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS**



COOLING — REFRESHING
VARIOUS FLAVORS



CHEWY — FUDGY
FROZEN DELIGHT



RICH ICE CREAM
DELICIOUSLY COATED



RICH ICE CREAM
CHOCOLATE COATED

**SAVE THE BAGS!
GET SWELL PRIZES**

Grand gifts for bags (or bags and cash) from
these products.
Ice Cream On-A-Stick Bags are good too if
they say "LICENSED BY JOE LOWE CORPO-
RATION" and—"SAVE THESE BAGS FOR
GIFTS."

THIS WONDERFUL "POPSICLE PETE* FUN
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PRIZES, HOBBIES, ADVENTURE, QUIZ,
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CATALOG**

It goes with the "POPSICLE PETE* FUN
BOOK." It shows pictures of prizes given just
for saving bags (or bags and cash) and tells
how many bags needed for each gift.

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TO GET BOTH THE "POPSICLE PETE* FUN
BOOK" AND PRIZE CATALOG JUST SEND
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In Canada Address

100 Sterling Road, Toronto



BATMAN



BATMAN

WITH
ROBIN
THE BOY



ESTRANGEST AND
MOST SECRET OF
ALL THE THRILLING EXPLOITS
OF BATMAN AND ROBIN IS
THE WEIRD ADVENTURE THAT
TAKES THE TWO GREAT CRIME-
FIGHTERS LITERALLY OUT OF
THIS WORLD! FOR WHEN A GLOBE
FORTY MILLION MILES AWAY FROM
OUR EARTH CALLS FOR HELP, THE
DYNAMIC DUO PLUNGES ACROSS
THE GULF OF SPACE TO RESPOND!
YOU'LL BE AMAZED AT THE FUTURE
MARVELS THAT UNFOLD FOR YOU
ON ANOTHER PLANET, WHEN
BRUCE WAYNE BECOMES—

**"BATMAN. INTERPLANETARY
POLICEMAN!"**



NIGHT-TIME IN GOTHAM CITY, AND SOCIALITE BRUCE WAYNE TAKES A WALK...

ANOTHER JOB DONE.
AND NOBODY IN THE
WORLD GUESSES I'M
BATMAN!

BATMAN ALLETT
BATMAN AND ROBIN
CRUSH NEW
CRIME RACKET!

SUDDENLY, A PASSING STRANGER ASKS
A FAVOR...

A MATCH? SURE,
HERE YOU ARE.

THANKS,
BATMAN!

BATMAN? WHAT
DO YOU MEAN?
I'M BRUCE
WAYNE!

YES, AND
BRUCE WAYNE
IS 'BATMAN'!

I'M FROM MARS! WE MARTIANS
HAVE LONG OBSERVED EARTH
WITH X-RAY TELESCOPES AND
KNOW HOW YOU AND ROBIN
FIGHT CRIME. WE NEED
YOUR HELP!

I MUST
BE DREAMING!

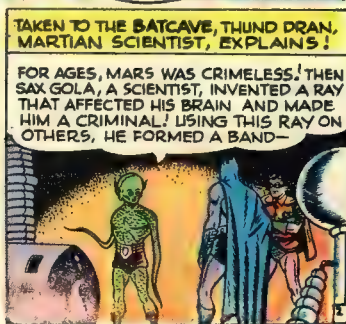
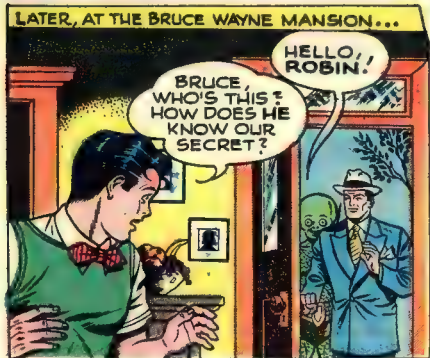
LATER, AT THE BRUCE WAYNE MANSION...

HELLO,
ROBIN!

BRUCE,
WHO'S THIS?
HOW DOES HE
KNOW OUR
SECRET?

TAKEN TO THE BATCAVE, THUND DRAN,
MARTIAN SCIENTIST, EXPLAINS!

FOR AGES, MARS WAS CRIMELESS! THEN
SAX GOLA, A SCIENTIST, INVENTED A RAY
THAT AFFECTED HIS BRAIN AND MADE
HIM A CRIMINAL! USING THIS RAY ON
OTHERS, HE FORMED A BAND—

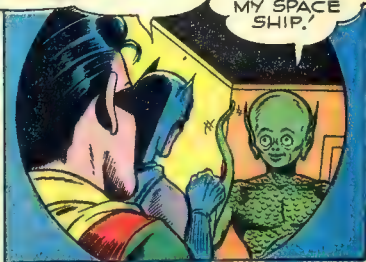
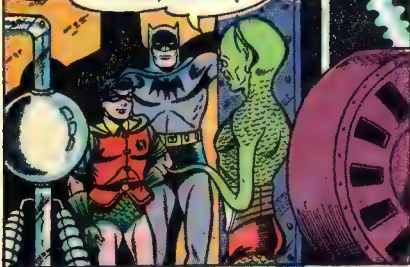




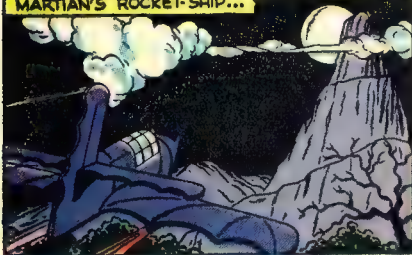
HE SEEKS TO RULE MARS NOW. WE MARTIANS DON'T KNOW HOW TO CONQUER HIM, BUT YOU TWO, THE GREATEST CRIME-FIGHTERS IN THE WORLD, COULD.

IT'S A STRANGE MISSION, BUT IF WE'RE NEEDED ON MARS, WE'LL GO.

GOOD! WE'LL LEAVE EARTH TONIGHT IN MY SPACE SHIP.



THAT NIGHT THE BATPLANE HURTTLES TOWARD A DISTANT MOUNTAIN PEAK WHERE WAITS THE MARTIAN'S ROCKET-SHIP...



WE'LL TAKE OFF IMMEDIATELY!

FOR MARS? I STILL EXPECT TO WAKE UP SUDDENLY!



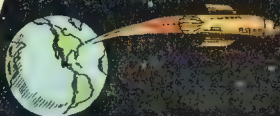
A MIGHTY ROAR OF FLAME HERALDS THE RUSH OF THE STRANGE SHIP INTO TRACKLESS SPACE!



OUT INTO THE VOID RACES THE MARTIAN CRAFT, HEADED FOR ITS HOME PLANET...

WE'RE ALREADY MILLIONS OF MILES FROM EARTH, ROBIN!

BUT WHAT'S HAPPENING TO US? I FEEL ODD.





IN INTERPLANETARY SPACE, A STRANGE PHENOMENON STRIKES!

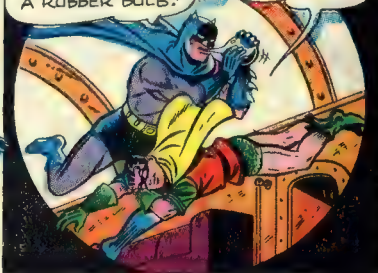
BATMAN, I'M FLOATING IN THE AIR! I DON'T WEIGH ANYTHING!

IT'S BECAUSE WE'RE BEYOND EARTH'S GRAVITY!



NOTHING WEIGHS ANYTHING OUT HERE. TO GET A DRINK, YOU HAVE TO SQUEEZE IT OUT OF A RUBBER BULB.

GUESS I MIGHT AS WELL GO TO SLEEP RIGHT HERE!



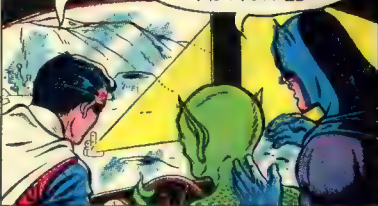
LATER, APPROACHING THE DESERT PLANET MARS.

THOSE DARK LINES ARE WATER CANALS WHICH KEEP MARS ALIVE! GOLA'S BAND PLANS TO SEIZE THE GREAT PUMP STATION IN CANAL CITY AND DOMINATE MARS!



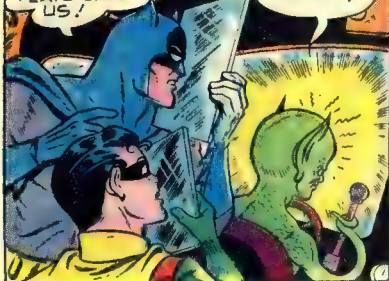
WE'RE BEING ATTACKED BY SOME SORT OF RAY!

THE MARTIAN CRIMINALS ARE DOING IT! QUICK, USE A LEAD PLATE AS A SHIELD!



THUND DRAN, THE RAY'S STRIKING YOU! SHIELD YOUR HEAD WITH A LEAD PLATE LIKE US!

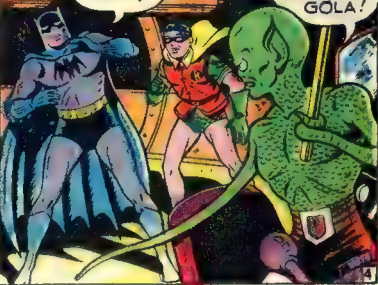
IT'S ALL RIGHT! THE RAY HAS NO EFFECT ON ME!

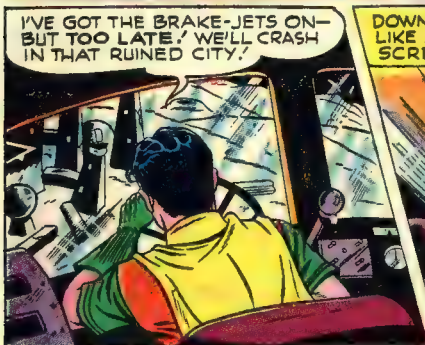
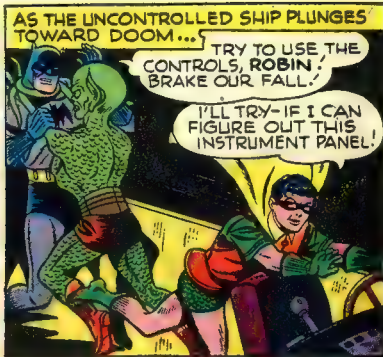
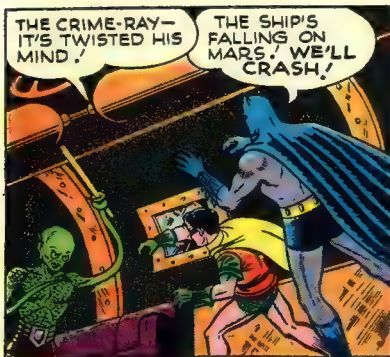


NO EFFECT? SWIFTLY A TERRIBLE CHANGE TAKES PLACE IN THE PATRIOTIC MARTIAN SCIENTIST!

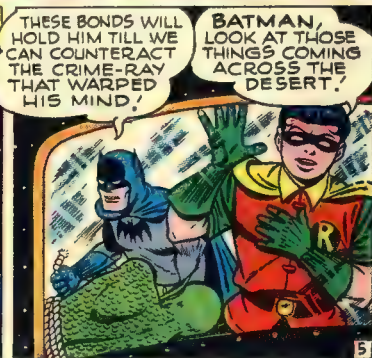
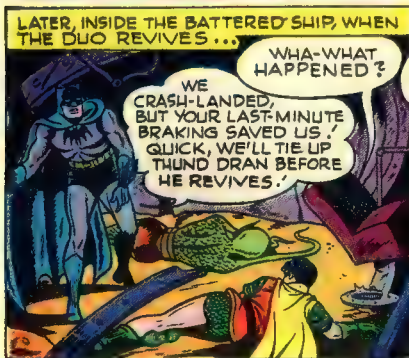
HE'S GONE MAD! LOOK AT HIS FACE! HE ISN'T THE SAME MAN!

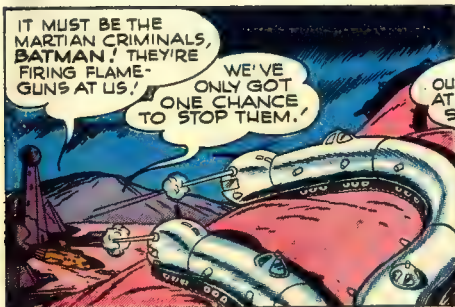
I'M GOING TO KILL YOU TWO AND THEN JOIN SAX GOLA!





DOWN THROUGH THE THIN AIR OF MARS, LIKE A METEOR FROM OUTER SPACE, SCREAMS THE SHIP!





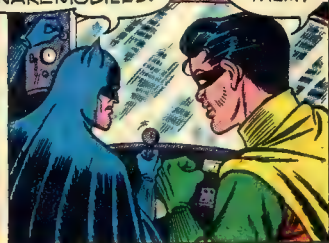
IT MUST BE THE MARTIAN CRIMINALS, BATMAN! THEY'RE FIRING FLAME-GUNS AT US!

WE'VE ONLY GOT ONE CHANCE TO STOP THEM!

USING THE BATTERED SHIP'S STEERING-JETS TO TURN IT ON THE GROUND...

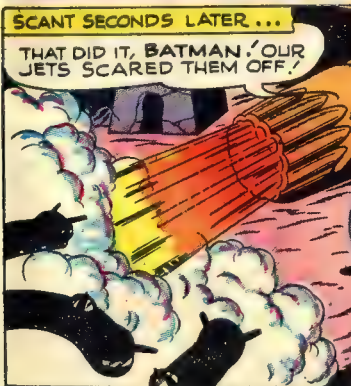
NOW OUR STERN JET-TUBES POINT AT THOSE ATTACKING SNAKEMOBILES.

I GET IT! WE'LL JET-BLAST THEM!



SCANT SECONDS LATER...

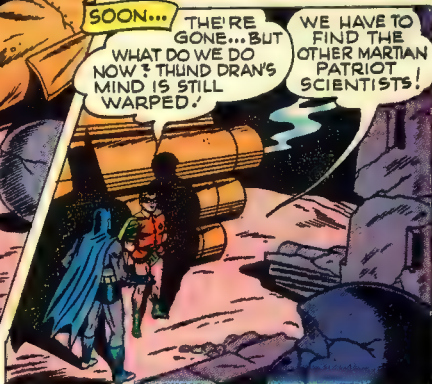
THAT DID IT, BATMAN! OUR JETS SCARED THEM OFF!



SOON...

THEY'RE GONE... BUT WHAT DO WE DO NOW? THUND DRAN'S MIND IS STILL WARPED!

WE HAVE TO FIND THE OTHER MARTIAN PATRIOT SCIENTISTS!



HE SAID THEIR SECRET LABORATORY IS IN THE CRYSTAL MOUNTAINS TO THE SOUTH. WE MUST FIND IT!

WITH THE SHIP WRECKED, IT'S A LONG HIKE!



AS NIGHT FALLS, TWO INTREPID ADVENTURERS TOIL SOUTHWARD UNDER THE TWIN MOONS OF MARS!

LUCKY THINGS WEIGH LESS ON MARS, OR WE COULDN'T TOW THIS MAKESHIFT SLEDGE SO EASILY!

THERE'S A CANAL AHEAD! WE'LL FOLLOW IT SOUTH!





AS DAWN BREAKS...

SO THIS IS ONE OF THE CANALS THAT CARRY SNOW-WATER FROM THE SOUTH POLE HERE TO THE MARTIAN DESERT CITIES!

ROBIN, LOOK AT THAT RADIANCE AHEAD!



AN INCREDIBLY WEIRD FORM OF MARTIAN LIFE APPROACHES... TRANSPARENT HUMANS!

GLASS MEN - IT JUST ISN'T POSSIBLE!

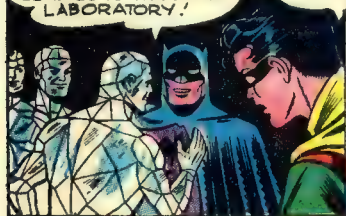
THEY MUST BE SILICATE CREATURES WHO CAN EAT SAND TO NOURISH THEIR GLASSY BODIES!



THE MAGNETIC PERSONALITY OF BATMAN QUICKLY TURNS ENEMIES INTO NEW FRIENDS!

THEY SAY THEY'RE ALLIES OF THE PATRIOT SCIENTISTS AND WILL LEAD US TO THE SECRET LABORATORY!

THEY GIVE ME THE CREEPS! I CAN SEE RIGHT THROUGH THEM!



IT'S THE CRYSTAL MOUNTAINS! BUT WHERE'S THE SCIENTISTS' SECRET LABORATORY?

BATMAN, LOOK! GLASS MEN!

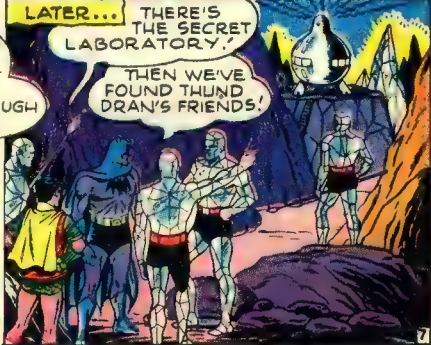


IF THEY UNDERSTAND THE LANGUAGE THUND DRAN TAUGHT US, I CAN TELL THEM WE'RE FRIENDS!



LATER... THERE'S THE SECRET LABORATORY!

THEN WE'VE FOUND THUND DRAN'S FRIENDS!

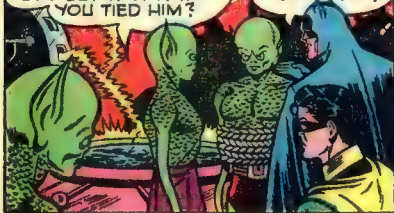




IN THE MIRACLE MOUNTAIN LABORATORY OF THE MARTIAN PATRIOTS...

SO THUND DRAN BROUGHT YOU TWO FROM EARTH TO HELP US! BUT WHY HAVE YOU TIED HIM?

SAX GOLA'S CRIME-RAY TWISTED HIS MIND. CAN YOU CURE HIM?



THIS CURATIVE BEAM COUNTERACTS THE CRIME-RAY. HE'S ALL RIGHT NOW!

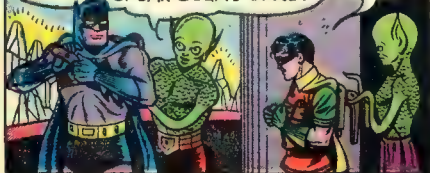
AND NOW I CAN HELP PREPARE YOU TWO FOR THE FIGHT AGAINST GOLA!



MARTIAN SCIENCE ARMS THE EARTH DUO FOR THE STRUGGLE WITH OTHER-WORLD OUTLAWS.

THESE ONE-MAN JET-MOTORS WILL ENABLE YOU TO FLY! THEY'LL TAKE YOU TO CANAL CITY, STRONGHOLD OF SAX GOLA'S BAND.

BUT WHAT IF WE NOSEDIVE?



I THOUGHT OF THAT, ROBIN! WE'LL WEAR THESE PADDED METAL CRASH-HELMETS!

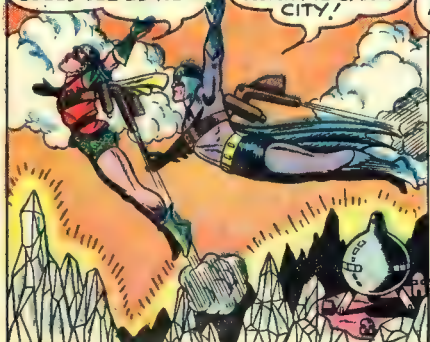
A GOOD IDEA!



MINUTES LATER, TWO STRANGE HUMAN BIRDS SOAR INTO THE MARTIAN SKY!

WOW! IF THE JOKER COULD SEE US NOW!

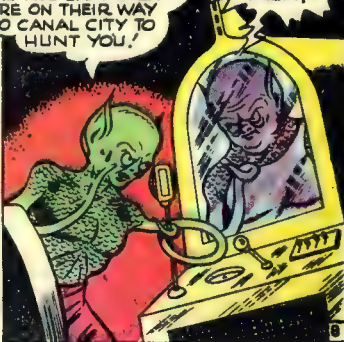
WE'LL HEAD STRAIGHT NORTH TO CANAL CITY!



MEANWHILE A SPY AMONG THE SCIENTISTS BETRAYS BATMAN.

SAX GOLA, I'VE NEWS! THE TWO EARTHMEN ARE ON THEIR WAY TO CANAL CITY TO HUNT YOU!

WE'LL BE READY FOR THEM!

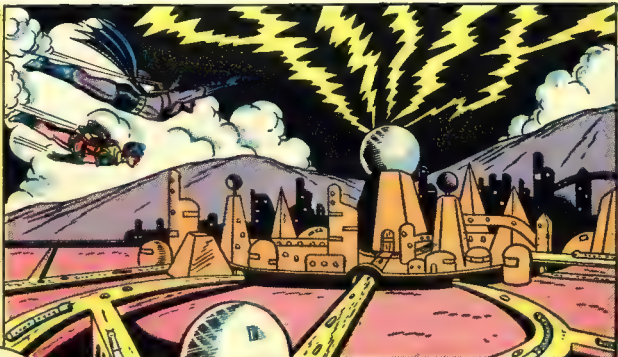




AFTER HOURS OF FLIGHT, BATMAN AND ROBIN APPROACH THE MIGHTY MARTIAN METROPOLIS...

CANAL CITY

THE HEART OF MARS THAT PUMPS THE CANAL WATER TO ALL THE CITIES ON DESERT WORLD!



WE'LL ENTER THE CITY UNOBSERVED IN THIS SNAKE-MOBILE.

AND THEN TO HUNT OUT SAX GOLA.



BUT AS THE VEHICLE ENTERS THE MARTIAN CITY...

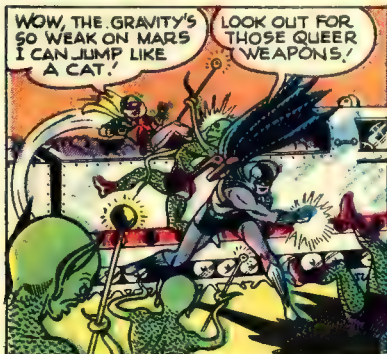
THERE ARE THE EARTHMEN! USE THE "SHOCKERS" ON THEM TO TAKE THEM ALIVE!

THE MARTIAN OUTLAWS! THEY WERE WARNED OF US!



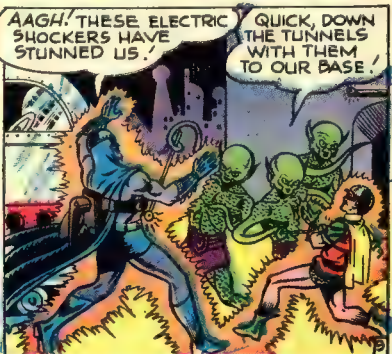
WOW, THE GRAVITY'S SO WEAK ON MARS I CAN JUMP LIKE A CAT!

LOOK OUT FOR THOSE QUEER WEAPONS!



AAGH! THESE ELECTRIC SHOCKERS HAVE STUNNED US!

QUICK, DOWN THE TUNNELS WITH THEM TO OUR BASE!





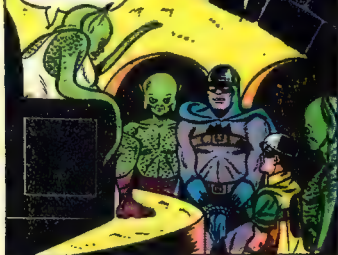
PRESENTLY, INSIDE THE ANCIENT TUNNELS BENEATH THE MARTIAN METROPOLIS...

I DON'T SEE ANY OF THE GIANT CATS!

BE CAREFUL-THEY ROAM THESE OLD TUNNELS.

YOU TWO EARTHMEN ARE COURAGEOUS! YOU CAN HELP US SEIZE THE PUMP-STATION.

DO YOU THINK WE'D EVER HELP YOU, SAX GOLA?

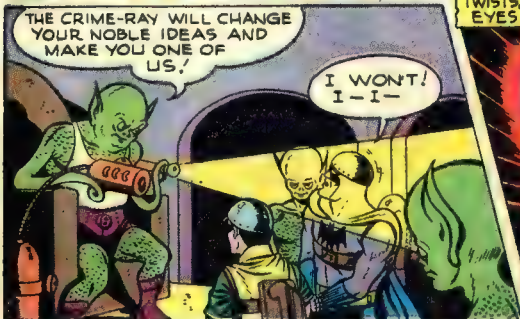


THE CRIME-RAY WILL CHANGE YOUR NOBLE IDEAS AND MAKE YOU ONE OF US!

I WON'T! I-I-

UNDER THE EVIL RAY, BATMAN'S FACE TWISTS...MENACE GLARES FROM HIS EYES...

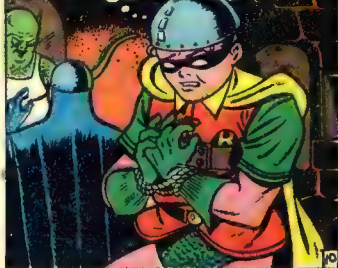
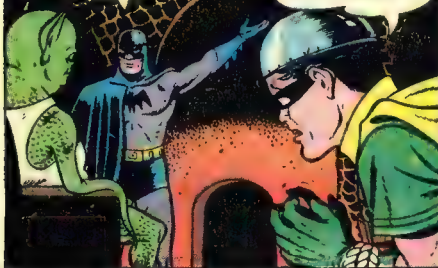
AFTER ALL, WHY NOT? YES, I'LL JOIN YOU, SAX GOLA!

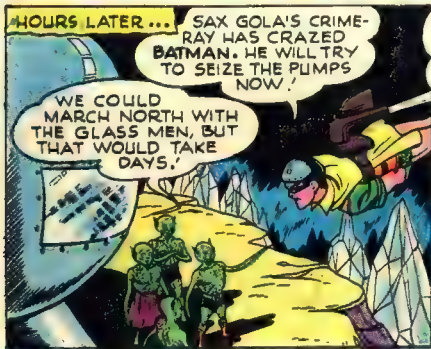
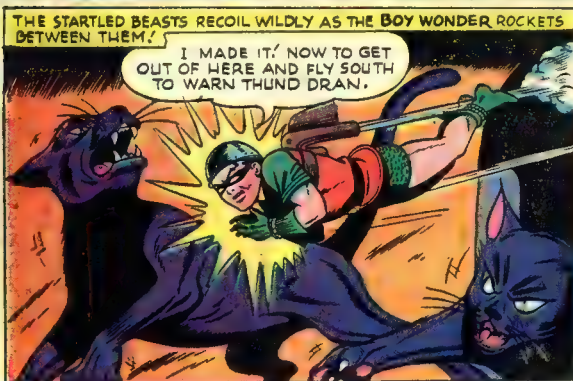
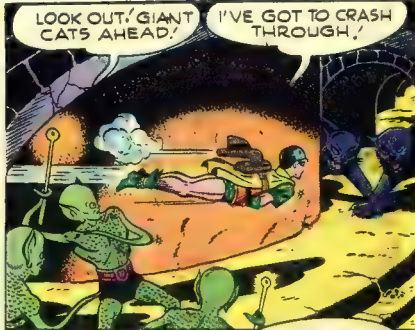
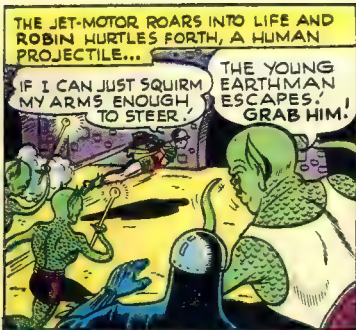


AFTER WE CONQUER MARS, WE'LL USE MARTIAN SCIENCE TO RULE EARTH, TOO!

BATMAN, NO! YOU CAN'T MEAN IT! THE CRIME-RAY HAS WARPED YOUR MIND!

I'VE GOT TO WARN THUND DRAN THAT BATMAN'S BEEN CRAZED! IF I CAN JUST TURN ON MY JET-MOTOR-



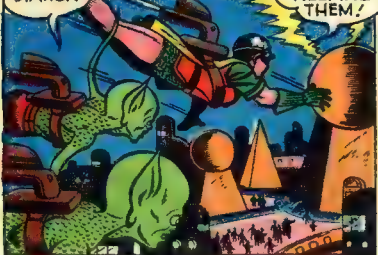




A VALIANT LITTLE BAND RACES THROUGH THE SKY TO CANAL CITY, TO FIND—

SAX GOLA'S BAND IS ALREADY ATTACKING THE PUMP STATION!

AND BATMAN'S HELPING THEM!



THE CRIME-RAY HAS SWEEPED ALL RESISTANCE AWAY! BUT HOW CAN WE GET INTO THE CITADEL?

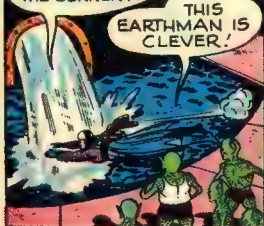
I KNOW A WAY TO GET IN!



AND NOW WE SEE AN INCREDIBLE SIGHT... BATMAN HELPING CRIMINALS TO SEIZE THE HEART OF A WORLD!

MY JET-MOTOR WILL CARRY ME INSIDE AGAINST THE CURRENT!

THIS EARTHMAN IS CLEVER!



INSIDE THE CITADEL WHOSE GIANT PUMPS ARE THE BEATING HEART OF MARS!

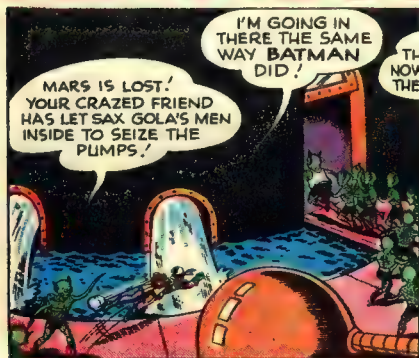
FLEE! THE EARTHMAN WILL KILL US!

NOW TO LET IN SAX GOLA'S BAND! THAT SWITCHBOARD UP THERE SHOULD OPEN THE DOORS—



MARS IS LOST! YOUR CRAZED FRIEND HAS LET SAX GOLA'S MEN INSIDE TO SEIZE THE PUMPS!

I'M GOING IN THERE THE SAME WAY BATMAN DID!

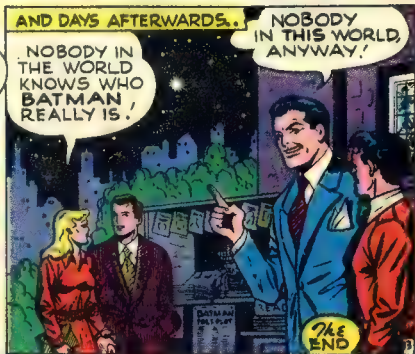
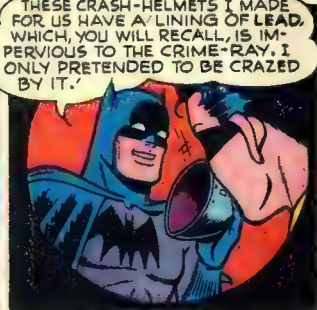
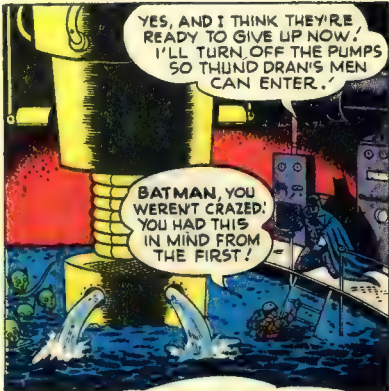


BUT INSIDE THE CITADEL, A MOMENT LATER...

THE PUMPS ARE OURS! NOW WE CONTROL ALL THE WATER OF MARS!

NOT YET! NOW THAT I'VE CLOSED THE DOORS, I'M REVERSING THE PUMPS!





"U.S." ROYAL

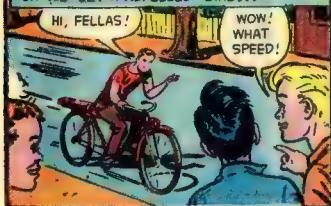
WITH HIS
JET-PROPELLED BIKE



HOW
JET-PROPULSION
WORKS



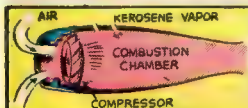
DEPUTY U.S. ROYAL STREAKS TO A STOP
ON HIS JET-PROPELLED BIKE...



GOSH, U.S.--
HOW DOES
THAT JET
ENGINE
WORK?



AS THE AIR SHOOTS
OUT OF THIS BALLOON
IN ONE DIRECTION, THE
REACTION PUSHES IT IN
THE OPPOSITE DIRECTION.



WHEN A SPARK STARTS THE VAPOR
AND AIR BURNING, IT EXPANDS RAPIDLY
...SHOOTING OUT THE BACK AND
DRIVING THE ENGINE FORWARD.



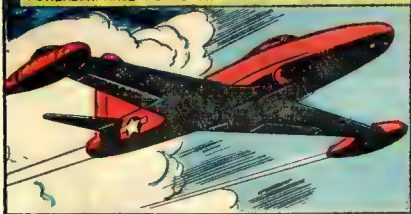
BUT WHAT TURNS THE
FAN UP FRONT?



"AH, THAT'S THE TRICKY PART!
ON THE WAY OUT, THE 'JET'
OF EXPANDING GASES TURNS
A TURBINE...ANOTHER SORT OF
FAN. AND THE TURBINE TURNS
A SHAFT THAT TURNS THE
COMPRESSOR."

*AND HERE--TO PUT IT SIMPLY--IS
HOW A JET ENGINE WORKS. AT THE
FRONT END, A COMPRESSOR...A
SORT OF FAN...FORCES AIR INTO
A COMBUSTION CHAMBER, WHERE
KEROSENE VAPOR IS MIXED
WITH IT."

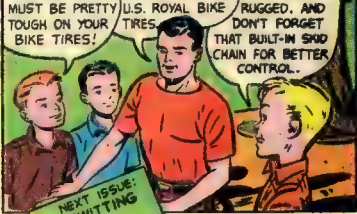
"UNCLE SAM'S NEWEST FIGHTING PLANES ARE JET-
POWERED...RACE ALONG AT 500-600 MILES PER HOUR."



GEE, U.S. ...
THAT JET-SPEED
MUST BE PRETTY
TOUGH ON YOUR
BIKE TIRES!

THAT'S WHY I
ALWAYS INSIST ON
U.S. ROYAL BIKE
TIRES.

THEY'RE TOUGH
AND PLENTY
RUGGED. AND
DON'T FORGET
THAT BUILT-IN SKID
CHAIN FOR BETTER
CONTROL.



NEXT ISSUE:
OUTWITTING
THE
KIDNAPPERS!

THAT "BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN"
GIVES ME TOP PERFORMANCE
...SAYS "U.S." ROYAL!



"YOUR BIKE COMES ALIVE IN THE SPRINTS WHEN
YOU'RE RIDIN' ON U.S. BIKE TIRES. 'U.S.' HOLDS THE
ROAD WITH PERFECT BALANCE, SURE TRACTION.
THAT BUILT-IN CHAIN DESIGN IS A RAPID-FIRE
STOPPER TOO, AND FOR MORE MILEAGE, U.S. IS TOPS."

U.S. BIKE TIRES

America's Fastest Selling Tires



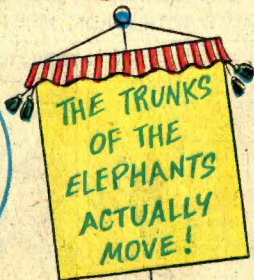
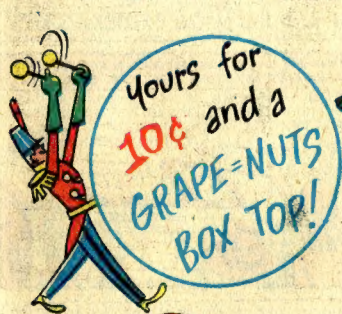
UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY
Serving Through Science



LITTLE ARTHUR



READY NOW... YOUR OWN CIRCUS!



The four agile acrobats do REAL TRICKS!



WOW, what a show you can give with a home circus like this!

The trunks of the two elephants actually move. The four agile acrobats do real tricks. The merry-go-round goes round and round!

And that's not all . . . there's a box-

ing kangaroo, a seal that balances a ball, two horses with bareback riders, three funny clowns, two monkeys, two bears, and a big, bright-colored circus tent to house the whole show.

It's all die-cut, lithographed in gay circus colors on durable cardboard. Nothing to cut. Nothing to paste.

You get the whole shebang for one dime and the top of a box of GRAPE-NUTS . . . the malty, sugaroasted cereal that always tastes like more. Use this coupon. Rush your box top and your dime today.



HURRY!
HURRY!
HURRY!

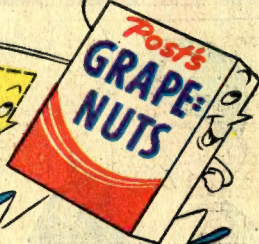
Post's CEREALS CIRCUS
Box 259-A, Battle Creek, Michigan
Here you are, one box top and one dime. Let's

NAME _____

STREET & NO. _____

CITY _____

STATE _____



FAMOUS SPORTS FLOPS

The "TOO-SURE
ELEVEN"

A TRIP INTO THE PAST WITH THOM M'AN AND HIS MAGIC "BAZOOKA-SHOES"



TIME OUT, FELLOWS! I'VE JUST COME BACK FROM ANOTHER "BAZOOKA-SHOE" FLIGHT INTO THE PAST...WHERE I SAW AN AMAZING GRIDIRON "SPORTS FLOP"!

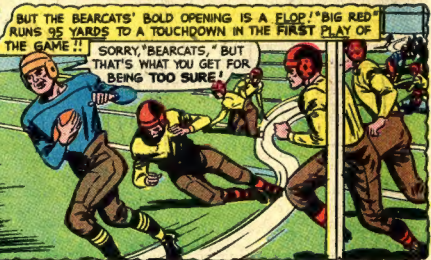


WHERE'S "BIG RED"? WE WANT TO KICK OFF STRAIGHT TO HIM!

YOU GUYS HAVE ENOUGH TROUBLE AHEAD WITHOUT ASKING FOR IT! BUT HE'S RIGHT BACK THERE!



OKAY, "RED," RIGHT INTO YOUR ARMS: THAT'S HOW MUCH YOU SCARE US!



BUT THE BEARCATS' BOLD OPENING IS A FLOP! "BIG RED" RUNS 95 YARDS TO A TOUCHDOWN IN THE FIRST PLAY OF THE GAME!!

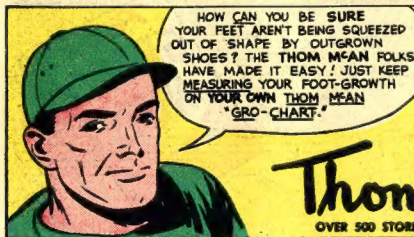
SORRY, "BEARCATS" BUT THAT'S WHAT YOU GET FOR BEING TOO SURE!



IT JUST SHOWS, YOU CAN'T AFFORD TO BE TOO SURE ABOUT ANYTHING.



TAKE YOUR FEET, FOR EXAMPLE. JUST BECAUSE THEY FEEL O.K., DON'T BE TOO SURE THEY ARE. SOFT YOUNG FOOT-BONES CAN'T "CRY OUT," EVEN WHEN CRAMPED BY OUTGROWN SHOES!



HOW CAN YOU BE SURE YOUR FEET AREN'T BEING SQUEEZED OUT OF SHAPE BY OUTGROWN SHOES? THE THOM M'AN FOLKS HAVE MADE IT EASY! JUST KEEP MEASURING YOUR FOOT-GROWTH ON YOUR OWN THOM M'AN "GRO-CHART."

WITH EACH NEW PAIR OF THOM M'AN SHOES, YOU ARE GIVEN--FREE--YOUR OWN PERSONAL "GRO-CHART." ON IT, AN AMAZING NEW INVENTION STAMPS EXACTLY HOW MUCH ROOM TO GROW YOU HAVE BEFORE YOU NEED LARGER SHOES. WHEN YOUR FOOT GROWS TO THE "DANGER-LINE," YOU NEED LARGER-SIZED THOM M'ANS!

Thom McAn

OVER 500 STORES - IN OVER 300 CITIES



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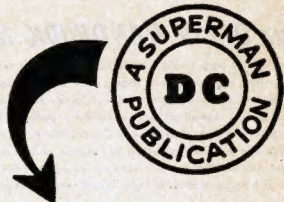
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WORLD'S FINEST COMICS



TAPIR,











A COUSIN TO RHINO,
WHO'LL TELL YOU
THIS SYMBOL
MEANS BOOKS THAT
ARE FINE-OH!



-ON THE COVER OF
**BOY
COMMANDOS**
FOR EXAMPLE!
IT'S YOUR
GUARANTEE
OF THE **BEST**
IN **ANY** COMIC
MAGAZINE!

SHOOT SAFE BUDDY!

BOYS! SHOW THIS MESSAGE TO YOUR PARENTS!

You'll never see a real outdoorsman  aim or shoot his rifle at anything but a safe, proper target... he handles his firearms  with care and respect. Your Daisy is made for fun shooting. It is not a lethal weapon but... like a knife,  or auto it may cause damage if handled carelessly. So do not aim or shoot at windows, street lights, song-birds,  pets, property or any other person... ever! Remember,  carelessness causes accidents to millions of Americans every year in cars, homes,  factories. So ... if you are careless with your Daisy or abuse the privilege of owning one.... your parents,  guardian  or police  have the right to take it from you... and  should! Don't let this happen. Be careful. Aim and shoot safe, Buddy!

MEMORIZE THE SHOOTER'S SAFETY PLEDGE!

I pledge myself to PROTECT animals, property and people in my community by always aiming and shooting my Daisy safely!

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RED RYDER CARBINE

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DAISY AIR RIFLES ... QUALITY PRODUCTS OF

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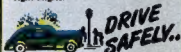
SAFETY TIPS



Careless bicycling may cause accidents! Always ride single file. Never "hitch on" to car or truck. Follow all traffic signs, rules. Avoid ruts. Ride close to right edge of road. Use hand signals for turns, stops.

ROLLER SKATE SAFELY...

Avoid roller skating accidents by being careful. Always skate on sidewalk. Come to stop at curbs. Cross streets at corners only. Do not "hitch" on to bicyclists. Cross small cracks at right angles.



An average of more than ONE MILLION children, women, men are injured every year in traffic accidents! Think that over, Buddy! Decide now that when you are old enough to get your driver's license—and after you get it—you will remember and follow the safety driving rules you learned.

CROSS STREETS SAFELY...

Always stop at curb, look right and left to see if street is clear. Cross streets only at corners. Obey signal lights. Remember, an auto moves faster than you can run. And don't run... walk!

AND SHOOT SAFE BUDDY!



Daisy Air Rifle Company